

AT BRAZIL'S CAPITAL

Scenes on Approaching Quaint
Old Rio Janeiro.

EXPERIENCE OF VISITORS

Nature Outdoes Herself in the Beautiful Picture Presented From the Harbor—Old Street Names—Hotel Charges and a Hotel Bath.

As we approach the harbor of Rio Janeiro there gradually rise into view the twin islands, Father and Mother, between which the ship passes. Then comes one of those grand pictures which defy adequate description. Even the English passenger, surprised out of his national characteristic, murmurs after a deep inhalation, "There is nothing like it the world over."

The numberless peaks, of purple hue, peculiar and rugged, of varied outline and sharply defined, spread to right and left and form a successively changing background as one advances—now majestic sentinels, now illusive phantoms, as the clouds veil their crowns or hide them from view.

A story is told of the Princess Isabel, Dom Pedro's daughter, who once enthusiastically called to a fellow passenger, the wife of one of the European ambassadors accredited to Dom Pedro's court: "Come, come, and look at the most beautiful sight in the world! We are entering our glorious harbor!" The lady addressed, who had been in Brazil before, had seen behind the pictures and was not as fond of it all as was the princess, answered in a soft, purring voice, "Oh, yes, very beautiful, but I know of a sight more beautiful still!" "Yes?" incredulously and interrogatively exclaimed the princess. "Yes, it is much more beautiful going out through this glorious harbor."

After landing we break through the mob of carriers, after snatching the nearest one to take our baggage, and get into one of the waiting vehicles, a shabby genteel carriage—they are all much the same—richety affairs, drawn by little forlorn mules or horses. Ours breaks down twice before reaching our destination. The drivers are merciless. They jolt and joggle and swing you from one side of the narrow street to the other, lashing their horses continually, especially around corners and up and down hills, until they drive the breath out of your body and the hope out of your heart with the recklessness of it. You vow this is the last time, but they get you again. Between breaths you look to find you are going through such streets as the First of March, the Marques of So-and-so, the Viscount That, the Baroness This, the street of the Patriotic Volunteers, the Senator Something-or-other, ending up with Julius Caesar street and Jesus Cristo's alley!

The hotel faces an open square, has trees about it and is painted on the outside a warm, clear pink. The guests dress very much, especially the women. There is much frou-frou of silk petticoats and many long trained dresses. The men, one would judge, come over from Paris. There is just the right twirl to the point of the mustache and just the right line to the waist of their coats to suggest it. Congress is in session, and there are senators from all parts of Brazil staying here; also a sprinkling of foreign ministers and some of the Brazilian nobility left over from the empire. On the birthday of their beloved emperor these latter have *masses* said for him in most of the churches. Notice is given in the daily papers so the sympathetic may attend.

Everything is extra at this hotel—your candles, a second serving of the same dish, anything taken from the table to your rooms, anything eaten in the dining room five minutes after meal hours. A bath is 50 cents extra. Taking a bath here is peculiar. In your bath gown you walk the seemingly mile or so of hall into the back foyer, down long flights of stairs, to the ground floor, almost into the garden, till you reach a glass door marked "Chuveiro," which means as near as you can translate it into English, "Enter." You find a room, tiled as high as your head, open above. Taking up half the floor is a depression five inches deep, also tiled. You wonder where you are going to bathe. Being a Yankee, you guess. You screw up your courage for what may happen, shut your eyes, pull the cord above you, and, lo! down comes a splendid shower of cold water for as long as you want to hold the cord.

Upon reaching your room again you find some one has sent you a bouquet, and you don't know what to do with it any more than you did with the bath-room. It is a smooth surfaced, varicolored cone, so tightly are the flowers placed together. It is about a foot across at the bottom and won't fit anything in the room and won't look like anything but painted wood, so you finally drop it anywhere. When dry, you discover it was built on a stick and held about a bushel of flowers.

In the evening we dined with the family of a man who rushed out from among a group of fellow brokers to embrace affectionately the male member of our party as we passed them in the street. Fourteen sat at the table, and three small children were ranged

against the wall and served in the trays of their high chairs. Our host, who speaks English with a delicious accent, said to us, "Now you can say that you have dined with a typical Brazilian family, and we are not savages."

Rattlety bang! Clatter, clatter! Clack, clack, clack! Tac, tac! A general passes by! Driven in the happy fashion of the country, his two military outriders on horseback flying close, one each side, just behind. Every time his carriage wheel sweeps the curb on one side of the narrow street they make the same curve exactly. When a moment later his carriage wheel just escapes the curb on the other side of the street they escape it by the exact distance. When the carriage stops suddenly, they stop suddenly. It is well the little Brazilian horses are so docile or one of the most laughable sights in Brazil would be lost. The little soldiers, bobbing up and down astride the little horses, with their brown faces, bright red and blue uniforms and slouchy little figures, do not exactly suggest military dignity. They suggest something else. You instinctively look around for the tin cup. The law permits every general the outriders. The two soldiers are also stationed at the gate or outer door of his home.

I have not been able to distinguish the soldier from the policeman, they dress so much alike. The police have a chain of whistles through the city at night. You hear one in the distance, then near, then in the distance again as the signal passes down the chain. An American here says it is to warn the burglars out of the way so the police can pass without any distracting thoughts.

We got back to the hotel to toss and tumble through the hot night, in the agonizing indecision whether it were best to smother with the window shut or take terrible chances of getting the fever with the windows open, as every one said we would.—A Yankee Visitor to Brazil in New York Tribune.

WAX FARMING.

A Peculiar Chinese Industry and How It Is Conducted.

Among the novel occupations in China is that of the wax farmer. The entire crop is produced by the labor of myriads of little insects, whose eggs or cocoons deposited on the limbs and branches yield a rich harvest, which is transformed into pure white wax and marketed at a fair price. The tree (*Ligustrum lucidum*) which produces the white wax insect grows in the Chienchang valley, in the western part of China, which is some 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. In March round brown forms are seen attached to the limbs and branches. If one of these should be opened it would be found to contain innumerable white insects. By a strange law the insect will not flourish or produce wax in its birthplace and if allowed to remain will drop off in a dead mass. The Chinese have discovered the exact locality where they will flourish to the best advantage. Transporting the females to the various farming places some 200 to 400 miles distant in the province of Szechuan gives employment during the season to thousands of porters. One of these waxmaking centers is Kiating.

About May 1 the female insect is nearly grown, and the body is almost conical, with a round base. Later on it becomes mature and begins to deposit eggs. At this time the operation of removing the females from the limbs and branches to which they are attached and getting them ready to turn over to the porter for transit is commenced. They are thereafter carried hundreds of miles to the places where the wax farmers have rows of the special food plant—a species of flowering ash five or six feet high—upon which the insects feed and deposit their layers of wax.

Many thousands of insects are taken by each man on a trip. They have to travel entirely at night with their delicate and precious loads, for the midday heat would be dangerous to the lives of the inmates. The various cities and villages along the route leave the gates open, so as to afford free and unobstructed passageway to the carriers. Seen at night, running with all their might, dressed in most cases in rainproof straw, their flickering lantern swaying to and fro, the carriers form a weird and picturesque sight.

Voltaire's Retort.

That famous politician, orator and man of fashion the fourth Earl of Chesterfield was on one occasion at a grand assembly in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. Suddenly the French writer accosted his lordship with the words:

"My lord, I know you are a judge. Which are the more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"

"Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no judge of paintings."

Some time afterward, says a biographer, Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's party with Chesterfield. A lady in the company prodigiously roused directed her whole discourse to Voltaire and engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the arm and said:

"Sir, take care that you are not captivated."

"My lord," promptly replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English craft under French colors."

Origin of "Rule Britannia."

It is a curious fact that Great Britain owes "Rule, Britannia!" to the suggestion of a prince who had few English sympathies and no love of the sea. Frederick, prince of Wales, when residing at Clifden House wished to

have a mask performance there on the 1st of August, 1740, to commemorate the accession of George I. and the birthday of Princess Augusta. The prince commissioned Thomson to write something for the occasion, and the words of "Rule, Britannia!" were the result. Dr. Arne set them to the familiar air, which became so popular that Handel used the opening bars in his "Occasional Oratorio," 1746, to the words, "War shall cease, welcome peace." In 1751 Mallet produced a new version of the words, "Improved" by Lord Bolingbroke, who substituted three stanzas of his own for the fourth, fifth and sixth of the original. Of this mutilation Sir George Grove says, "It failed, as it deserved to fail."

Training Army Horses.

When horses are recruited for the army they are put through a course of training to accustom them to the tumult and smell of battle. First they are drawn up in a circle around an instructor, who fires a pistol. Some take the flash and report very quietly, and these are passed on to severer trials, while the others have lesson after lesson repeated until they are convinced that there is no danger to them, and before long a seventy pounder may be fired within a yard of them without making them turn around. After this they must face the fire in a sterner sense—that is to say, they must gallop fearlessly up to a line or square of infantry blazing away with their rifles and charge batteries of quick firing guns.

Speaking Scotch.

The race of Scotch speaking people is passing away, and not many are left to tell the story in the rich brogue of the national tongue. And there was always a story to tell, so that one on this very subject comes in part here. A youth who had been educated in England returned to his family in Scotland and was shown off by admiring friends.

"Is he not charming?" remarked one to the young man's sister.

"Oh, yes, but he speaks English now," she answered in real distress.

An old lady being asked if a person she had lately seen was "Scotch" answered with much bitterness:

"I canna say. Ye a' speak sae gentoo now that I dunna ken wha's Scotch."—London Mail.

Cures Chills and Fever.

G. W. Wirt, Nacogdoches, Texas, says: "His daughter had chills and fever for three years; he could not find anything that would help her till he used Herbine. His wife will not keep house without it, and cannot say too much for it." 50c. Sold by Frank Hart, druggist.

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hands.
The old lady was at her best on this festive
occasion, and it is a shame in the wedding-breakfast
her young relative looked over at her with a
grimacing smile.
"Tell me why these never married, Aunt
Fidelities?" he said, teasingly.
"That is none of your business," said the old
Quakeress, solemnly. "It was because I was not as
very pleased as my wife was."

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